

RICE UNIVERSITY

the
Shepherd
School
of Music



LYNN GRIEBLING, soprano

*MICHAEL MOORES,
piano and harpsichord

assisted by

ALBERT TIPTON, *flute*

†RICHARD GILES, *cello*

SSM
81.1.7
GRI

Wednesday, January 7, 1981
8:00 p.m. in Hamman Hall

PROGRAM

Scherzi Musicali

Maledetto sia l'aspetto

La mia turca

Eri già tutti mia

Ecco di dolci raggi

Io ch'armato sin hor

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Singe Seele, Gott zum Preise

Susse Stille

Flammende Rose

From "Nuen Deutsche Arien"

Georg Friedrich Handel
(1685-1759)

Nichts

Nacht

Die Georgine

Allerseelen

From Op. 10

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Intermission

*Faculty member at University of Houston

†Daniel Dror Fellow at University of Houston

The English texts of the songs in tonight's program
are as follows:

Monteverdi - 6 Scherzi Musicali

1. Maledetto sia l'aspetto (Scherzi musicali, 1632)

Damned be the appearance that burns me, unhappy me
As I feel bitter torment
As I die, only for you; does my faith help?
Damned be the appearance that burns me, unhappy me.
Damned be the arrow that injured me, I will die from it
So desires my sun
So craves she who ceased to love; what shall I do?
Damned be the arrow that injured me, I will die from it.
Wicked woman, alas, my death! Such is the wish of she
who hurt me
Plays games with my passion
Wants me to suffer, to faint; here I will die, on
this cruel day
Wicked woman, alas my death! Such is the wish of she
who hurt me.

(Poet unknown)

3. Eri già tutta mia (Scherzi musicali, 1632)

You were already mine, mine that soul and that heart
Who takes you away from me? A new tie of love?
Oh beauty, treasure, admirable faithfulness
Where are you?

You were already mine
Now you are mine no longer,
Oh, Oh, mine you are no more.

Only to me you turned your beautiful laughing eyes
For me your golden hair spread to the winds
Oh fleeting pleasures, oh faithful heart
Where are you?

You were already mine
Now you are mine no longer,
Oh, Oh, mine you are no more.

The joy in my face, oh! that you gaze at no longer
My song, my smile is changed to torment
Oh lost sighs, oh vanished pity
Where are you?

You were already mine
Now you are mine no longer,
Oh, Oh, mine you are no more.

(Poet unknown)

5. Io ch'armato sin hor (Scherzi musicali, 1632)

I, who was protected until now by hard ice,
Was able to defend myself
From the assaults of love.
Its pungent, burning dart
Was unable to reach my soul
Or pierce my bosom.

Now that everything changes under a new sky
To two beautiful eyes shall I not yet surrender?
Yes, Yes, disarm me of my past coldness
Burn then with love
Burn, burn, burn, burn my heart
Burn, burn my heart.

(Poet unknown)

translations - Juliet Rothman

2. La mia Turca (Ariose vaghesse, Vol. IV, 1624)

My Turkish lady, who has no faith in love
Twists her feet if I tell her of my pain
Thus from my double torment,
Languishing I die.
Then aloof she remains, permitting not even
The sun to enjoy her beauty
Thus from my double torment
Languishing I die.
To soften the cruel one is not possible
Though I pray with tears and sighs in my pain
Thus from my double torment
Languishing I die.
Of me she laughs, and the archer
Spreads poison over all my thoughts
Thus from my double torment
Languishing I die.
Take this bow, for pity's sake, invincible love
Make it not too rigorous
Thus in view of my double torment
I no longer die, I no longer die
I no longer die, I no longer die.

(Poet unknown)

4. Ecco di dolci raggi (Scherzi musicali, 1632)

Here, with sweet rays the sun is armed
After winter, now comes the flowered season;
Inebriated with sweetest love
The wind sleeps quietly in Florida's bosom
At times, though, lascivious and perfumed waving
Makes the flourishing grass tremble.
The air, the ground, the sky breathe love
Burn then with love
Burn, burn, burn, burn,
Burn, each heart
Burn, burn, each heart.

(Poet unknown)

6. Quel sguardo sdegnosetto (Scherzi musicali, 1632)

That disdainful little look
Glowing and threatening
That poisonous arrow
Flies to strike my heart,
Beauties after which I crave
And from which I am divided
Torment me with a glance
Heal me with a smile.

Arm yourself, eyes
With harsh, harsh severity
Pour upon my heart
A rain of sparks.
But let not the lip delay
To revive me from death
Let those glances hurt me
But heal me with that smile.

Beautiful eyes, to arms, to arms, to arms
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, for you I prepare my bosom
Plague me.
Until I faint.
And if by your arrows
I remain conquered
Let those glances hurt me
But heal me with that smile.

(Poet unknown)

Handel - 3 German Songs

Singe, Seele, Gott zum
Preise

Sing, my soul, in praise of God,
who in so many ways
makes all the world so beautiful.
Let him who delights our ears,
let him who catches our eyes

Süsse Stille, sanfte Quelle

Sweet quiet, gentle source of
peaceful calm:
My soul, my very soul is made
joyful
when I hear in this

Flammende Rose, Zierde
der Erden

Flaming rose, worldly
adornment,
the shining garden's bewitching
glory:

Sibelius - Six Songs, Opus 90

1. Norden (The North)

The lakes are freezing. Migrating swans, sorrowful, go to the south, looking for somewhere to be, but long to be back. They go to other places, but still long to be home.

Then someone will see you from the palms and say - "Why do you long for the north?"

"He who longs always for the north is longing for Heaven."

2. Hennes budskap (Her message)

Come you sorrowful Nordic wind! Each time you come you have a message from her. You come in the breeze, do you carry her sighs?

You come in the wind, do you carry her complaints?

You come in the storm, do you carry her despair?

"Oh, one who has taken an oath, forgotten a promise, now all alone -

Oh who could take me from the old man's pains and kisses back to the young man, my first love?"

3. Morgonen (Morning)

The sun's purple drops already shine on the haystacks. In the woods, birds joyously go from tree-top to tree-top. A thousand happy sounds die away, and a thousand happy sounds begin.

Dawn, has a dark eye seen your light yet? Gone are all problems, all fears.

No-one in pain, no one lost; all is happiness, peace and hope. With Nature's morning each heart's morning awakes.

4. Fogelfångaren (Bird Catcher)

I wander in the forest, and look up into fir and spruce; often I see birds, but not one flies down! But anyway, I am happy, because I have a noose that never has been empty before; the birds are as happy to be in my net as I am to catch them. And when I come home I set my net again, and a girl is the bird and the snare is my arms.

5. Sommarnatten (Summer Night)

On the calm lake in the woods I was sitting in my boat all night, fishing. A song thrush began its song, and angrily I said "Please put your beak into the water and stop that noise until daylight."

The a voice said "Lad, put your fishing-rod away, and just look at the world around you."

And when I did, it was all so beautiful, and I thought of my sweetheart, so that I too began to sing.

6. Hvem styrde hit din väg? (Who steered your way here?)

Far away from the water's wave and the mountain top, you alone saw the day and grew up alone. I did not miss you or look for you; I didn't know the road which would have taken me to you.

But we were meant for each other, though we were like buds in separate trees.

Oh bird from far away, what steered your way here to the heart that was cold?

How could you be all for whom you once were nothing?

Richard Strauss - Four Songs

Die Georgine (The Dahlia) Op.10 No.4

Why do you bloom so late, little dahlia? The rose's tale has been told, and the bees are full of honey, waiting for sleep.

Is it not too cold for you, these nights? If only I could bring the spring, you yellow dreamer, then you would not be the last flower.

But give me your hand, sister, because I have missed life's May, just as you missed the spring. And late or early, when love plants itself in my heart

No-one in pain, no one lost; all is happiness, peace and hope.
morning each heart's morning awakes.

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But give me your hand, sister, because I have missed life's May, just as you
missed the spring. And late or early, when love plants itself in my heart,
it is the same ecstasy and the same pain.

Nichts (Nothing) Op.10 No.2

You say I should name her, my queen of the realm of song? What fools you are,
I know her less than you! You ask me the color of her eyes, you ask about the
sound of her voice, you ask about her walking, dancing carriage - ah, what do
I know of that! Is not the sun the source of all life, all light? And what
do we know of it, I and you and everyone?
Nothing! Nothing!

Nacht (Night) Op.10 No.3

Out of the forest comes the night, quietly she moves in from behind the trees; beware now! All the lights of the world, all the flowers, all the colors, she extinguishes; she steals the sheaves from the fields, she takes everything that is lovely, steals the silver from the streams, and from the copper dome of the cathedral she takes away its gold. The spray of flowers stands plundered, draw closer, soul to soul; oh, I am afraid the night will steal you, too, away from me.

Allerseelen (All Souls' Day) Op.10 No.8

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes, bring here the last of the red asters, and let us speak again of love, as long ago in May.
Give me your hand, that I may secretly clasp it, and if it is observed by others, I will not mind; give me one of your sweet glances, as long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant, once a year is All Soul's Day - come to my heart that I again may have you, as long ago in May.

Hindemith - 3 Songs, from Opus 18

On the steps

On the steps sit my little ears like two little cats who wait for their milk.
On the steps sits my heart and waits impatiently like a little spirit, chin in hand.
But the messenger with the letters does not come. I lie deaf and without heart within the room. I wish to have nothing back, not the pink kittens, not the little spirit.

Before you

Before you I appear awake and I kiss and embrace you. Without opening your eyes you put your arm around me and say: How like a Chopin waltz. We seem to float in air.

Trumpets

Under the willows where brown children play and leaves are in motion sound the trumpets.
A churchyard's awe. Banners of scarlet through the maples' mourning, rider along the rye fields, empty mills.
Or shepherds sing and stags tread in the circle of its fire, the grove's very old sorrow. Dancing lifts itself from a black wall...
Banners of scarlet, laughing, madness, trumpets.

Where are you?
You were already mine
Now you are mine no longer,
Oh, Oh, mine you are no more.

Only to me you turned your beautiful laughing eyes
For me your golden hair spread to the winds
Oh fleeting pleasures, oh faithful heart
Where are you?

You were already mine
Now you are mine no longer,
Oh, Oh, mine you are no more.

The joy in my face, oh! that you gaze at no longer
My song, my smile is changed to torment
Oh lost sighs, oh vanished pity
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Io ch'armato sin hor
(Scherzi musicali, 1632)

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Was able to defend myself
From the assaults of love.
Its pungent, burning dart
Was unable to reach my soul
Or pierce my bosom.

Now that everything changes under a new sky
To two beautiful eyes shall I not yet surrender?
Yes, Yes, disarm me of my past coldness
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Sing, my soul, in praise of God,
who in so many ways
makes all the world so beautiful.
Let him who delights our ears,
let him who enchants our eyes
with his flowering woods and
meadows
be praised and magnified.

Süsse Stille, sanfte Quelle

Sweet quiet, gentle source of
peaceful calm:
My soul, my very soul is made
joyful
when I, here in this time
of toilsome vanity,
contemplate that peace
that awaits us for eternity.

Flammende Rose, Zierde
der Erden

Flaming rose, worldly
adornment,
the shining garden's bewitching
glory:
Eyes that behold your
splendor
must stand in wonder before your
grace,
created by the touch of God's
hand.

Here, with sweet rays the sun is armed
After winter, now comes the flowered season;
Inebriated with sweetest love
The wind sleeps quietly in Florida's bosom
At times, though, lascivious and perfumed waving
Makes the flourishing grass tremble.
The air, the ground, the sky breathe love
Burn then with love
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I remain conquered
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But heal me with that smile.

(Poet unknown)

Six Songs, Op. 90
Der Norden
Ihre Botschaft
Der Morgan
Der Vogelsteller
Der Sommernacht
Wer hat Dich hergeführt?

Jean Sibelius
(1865-1957)

Op. 18, 3 songs

Paul Hindemith

On the steps
Before you
Trumpets

3 songs after Jennie Lynn

O John No

Drinks to me only with thine eyes

"The Gipsy + the Bird

Folksong

Folksong

Julius Benedict